

The Historie of

That were his lackies: I cried hum, and well, go to;
But markt him not a word, O, he is as tedious
As a tyred horse, a railing wife,
Worse then a smoky house. I had rather liue
With cheefe and garlike in a windmill far,
Then feede on cates, and haue him talke to me,
In any summer house in Christendome.

Mor. In faith he was a worthy Gentleman,
Exceeding well read and profited
In strange concealments, valiant as a Lion,
And wondrous affable; and as bountifull
As mines of India: shall I tell you, coosin,
He holds your temper in a high respect,
And curbs himselfe, euen of his naturall scope,
When you come crosse his hum or, faith he does:
I warrant you, that man is not aliue,
Might so haue tempted him, as you haue done,
Without the taste of danger and reproofe:
But do not vse it oft, let me intreat you.

Wer. In faith, my Lord, you are to wilfull blame;
And since your comming hither, haue done enough
To put him quit besides his patience:
You must needes learne, Lord, to amend this fault,
Though sometimes it shew greatnesse, courage, bloud,
And thats the dearest grace it renders you:
Yet often times it doth present harsh rage,
Defect of manners, want of gouernment,
Pride, hautinesse, opinion and disdaine,
The least of which, hanting a noble man,
Lofeth mens hearts, and leaues behinde a stain
Vpon the beuty of all partes besides,
Begniling them of commendation.

Hot. Wel, I am schoold, good manners be your speede,
Heere come your wiues, and let vs take our leaue.

Enter Glendower with the Ladies.

Mor. This is the deadly spight that angers me,
My wife can speake no English, I no welsh.

Glen. My daughter weepes, sheele not part with you,
Sheele

Henry the fourth.

Sheele be a souldier too, sheele to the wars.
Mor. Good father tell her, that she, and my Aunt Percy
Shall follow in your conduct speedily.

*Glendower speakes to her in welsh, and she answers
him in the same.*

Glen. She is desperat here,
A peeuishe selfe wild harlotry, one that no perswasion can doe
good vpon.

The Lady speakes in welsh.

Mor. I vnderstand thy lookes, that prety welsh,
Which thou powrest downe from these swelling heauens,
I am too perfect in, and but for shame
In such a parley should I answer thee.

The Lady againe in welsh.

Mor. I vnderstand thy kisses, and thou mine,
And thats a feeling disputation:
But I will neuer be a truant loue,
Till I haue learnd thy language, for thy tongue
Makes welsh as sweete as ditties highly pend,
Sung by a faire Queene in a summers bowre,
VVith rauishing diuision to her lute.

Glen. Nay, if thou melt, then will she runne mad.

The Lady speakes againe in welsh.

Mor. O, I am ignorance it selfe in this.

Glen. She bids you on the wanton rushes lay you downe,
And rest your gentle head vpon her lap,
And she will sing the sung that pleaseth you,
And on your eyelids crowne the God of sleepe,
Charming your bloud with pleasing heauinesse
Making such difference betwixt wake and sleepe,
As is the difference betwixt day and night,
The houre before the heauenly harnest teeme
Begins his golden progresse in the East.

Mor. V Vithal my heart Ile sit and heare her sing,
By that time will our booke I thinke be drawne.

Glen. Do so, and those Musitions that shall play to you,
Hang in the ayre a thousand leagues from thence,
And straight they shal be here, sit and attend.

F 3.

Hot.

